

**YOUR GOLD WILL
WASTE AND WEAR AWAY**

No. 4

The Deliberations of Daniel Domore

and of Dorcas
his Wife



Ste. Al, Styremup Mansions
Winnipeg.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Isn't it a grand and glorious feeling that one has with this weather? I was ever so uplifted the other morning when I looked out, and saw that beautiful fall of snow; it covered up all the dirty spots, and made our street look quite nice. I was ever so glad that I live in these Mansions, and so hadn't a boulevard to keep clean—but, oh, I forgot, you live on one of those swell streets—sorry. (Thanks—Ed.).

But, do you know, beloved comrade, I am looking on life with such a lovely view these last few days. Oh, it's glorious, and I've actually fallen into poetry. Seeing you won't write a chorus for me, sing this one, Mr. Editor, to the tune of "Trust and Obey":

We're going up,
Yes, we're going up;
All the family of Domores—
We are all going up.

Jus you try that out in your next Meeting, or better still, get Adjutant Davis and Ensign Haines to sing it; some of those alto crescendos will just fit in lovely. Why am I singing it? Why? I'll tell you, Captain and Mrs. Pellamy, of Fort Frances have risen 25 copies weekly—and by wire too; Captain Wright and Lt. Jones are driving their old chorist with '8 copies extra, and

Wonderful, wonderful rising,
Fort William wants fifty "Crys" more.
But, dear Captain King,
We're all forced to sing,
Why did you not say so before?

Cannot you imagine the warriors down at Fort William practising this chorus for their next musical Meeting; can't you hear those Scouts singing, singing it; especially if Staff-Captain Steele is there to start it off with "Together, now." Oh, it would just tip. Oh, I am so happy, there's only one thing could make me happier—that is, if the Commissioner would make our Danny an Ensign.

Dear Mr. Domore:

My wife is very interested in the "War Cry"; she gets a copy every week by borrowing it from the lady next door, and her husband brings it from his boss's place. She wants to know whether Effie is really to marry Hector Compton, and says she doesn't, she will never take your paper any more. I hope you'll know what I mean.

Yours obediently,
Obadiah Obad.

Mr. Editor, I send this letter for you to answer; I've enough of my own to do without attending to "The Epistle of Ephziah"; but, will she, Mr. Editor? Yours once more in the War Cry,
Daniel Domore, Jr.

P.S.—Dorcas sends her love, and she wants to know too. (Read the "War Cry"—Ed.).

The Great Crusade—Are You in it? Why not?

THE WAR CRY

WILLIAM BOOTH.
Founder

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
101 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA WEST AND ALASKA

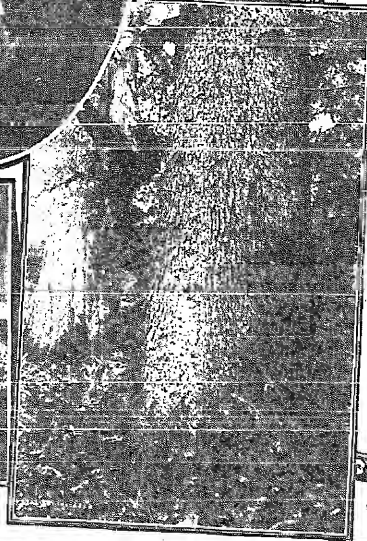
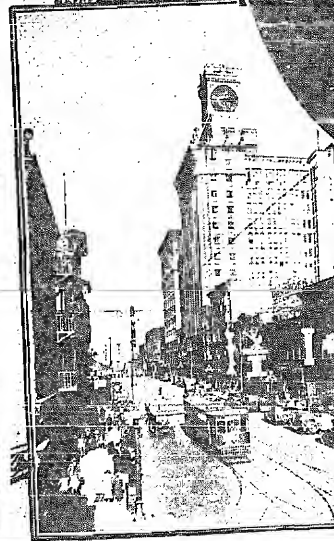
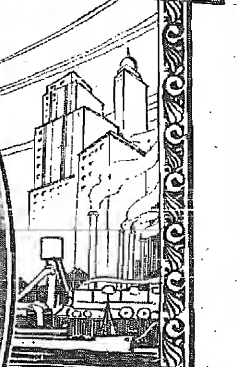
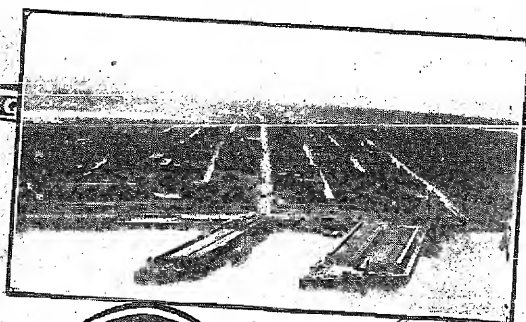
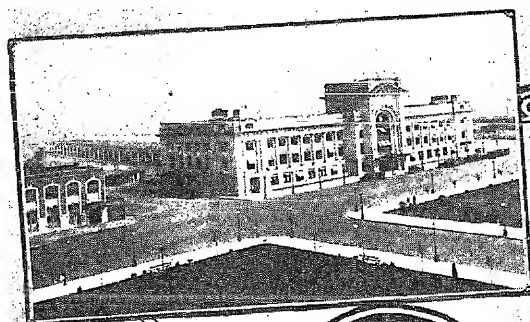
BRAMWELL BOOTH
General

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VOL. IX. No. 5, Price 5c.

Winnipeg, February 4, 1928

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



THE VANCOUVER CONGRESS

VIEWS OF THE METROPOLIS OF THE BRITISH PACIFIC

1.—Canadian National Railway Station (C.N.R. photo). 2.—Vancouver from the air—new C.P.R. Pier on right (C.P.R. photo). 3.—Granville Street—one of the City's main thoroughfares (C.N.R. photo). 4.—The Mountain Guardians of the City—"The Lions" (Copyright photo—Franks, Vancouver). 5.—Big timber in Stanley Park—as the City appeared fifty years ago.

Jesus

The answer to our doubts, the spring of our courage, the earnest of our hopes, the charm omnipotent against our foes, the remedy for weakness, the supply of our wants, the fullness of our desires, Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power. Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption. Jesus! our elder brother, our Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of the Salvation Army as they sing going to their home on the mount of God. Thy name shall ever be the richest chord in the harmony of Heaven, while the angels and the redeemed unite their exalting, adoring song around the Throne of God.

Crusade DON'T'S

Some Mistakes that Salvationist Speakers Should Avoid

The following Don'ts are from the pen of a well-known soul-winner:—

- Don't exaggerate.
- Don't fool with doubts.
- Don't let success tip you over.
- Don't snub anybody.
- Don't make long public prayers. Fecund petitions drag heavily.
- Don't mumble your words. Chew your food, but not your language.
- Don't give long addresses.
- Don't be cold in your delivery.
- Don't speak in one tone. The voice has numerous keys; play on as many as possible.

Don't harp too much on one string. Variety is pleasing, and God's Word gives ample choice of themes.

Don't tire people out with long introductions. You can spoil the appetite for dinner by too much thin soup.

Don't neglect study and closer prayer. The finest human pipes give forth no music unless filled with the Divine breath.

Don't seek the praise of men. Speak in such a way that they will not be so much pleased with you as they are displeased with themselves.

Don't bawl or scream. Too much water stops mill wheels, and too much voice drowns sense. Thunder is pleasant, lightning strikes.

Don't drop your voice at the close of a sentence. The effect is practically lost. Your audience has as much need to hear the end as the beginning.

Don't forget the boys and girls. Their attention is well worth gaining, and you may be able to reach older hearts through younger ones.

STEPS

Out of Christ means, lost. In Christ means, saved. To be in Christ we must first come into Christ. The inspired Word of God, the only infallible guide, tells us how to come into Christ.

Opportunity—

How do you meet it?

There appeared to a beggar one day, by the wayside, a beautiful being, with outstretched hands laden with treasures. As he gazed at her in stupid surprise she glided past him; but she returned with her treasures still held out to him, and once more, with beseeching eyes, as if she would compel him to take what she offered, she passed slowly by and disappeared. She had no sooner gone, than, as if waking from a dream, he hurried eagerly in the direction she had taken. He met a traveller, and said, "Have you seen a beautiful stranger, with her hands full of the very things I want, going along the road?" "Yes," replied the traveller; "her name is Opportunity. But once offered, and once refused, she never returns."

How true this is. How many allow the precious gifts of Salvation, Holiness, Service, to glide past them never to return.

GOD'S PROPERTY

Are you fearless for Him in workshop, street, or home

THERE is nothing more heartening than St. Paul's declarations of certainty in God living, ruling and governing all that concerned his life. In the time of crisis he stands unmoved against all that meets him.

At no time is this more clearly shown than in the forlorn hope of the Mediterranean Sea, when this warrior-saint was on board the Alexandrian wheat ship, bound for Rome after having appealed unto Caesar on the ground of his citizenship.

This ship, with its varied crew of merchants, soldiers, and prisoners, tossed about for fourteen days, at the mercy of tempestuous seas, without sun, moon, or stars to guide them. To lighten the ship, the cargo had been thrown overboard, all without avail. The prisoners and their welfare became a problem, and in the midst of the chaos God's man stood ready for the emergency. Above the storm we hear his ringing assurance: "Be of good cheer. I believe God, whom I am, whom I serve." The prisoner takes command, gives orders for the ship, and saves all on board.

Does God want you for some forlorn hope? Maybe to witness for Him in workshop, street, or home? You can be as bold as Paul if you can only find his place of supreme confidence. "I believe in God." You belong to Him.

Is there not something exhilarating in the thought of being "God's property?"

This thought enabled Elijah to stand in the presence of Ahab and utter judgment.

THAT

The steps that lead into Christ are:

1. "Believe on the Lord, Jesus Christ." (John 20: 30, 31; John 3: 16; Heb. 11: 6.)
2. "Repent, that is, turn away from sin." (Luke 24: 47; 2 Cor. 7: 9-11; Acts 17: 30.)

∴ A Word on Words ∴

"Sound speech, that cannot be condemned."

"LET the words of my mouth . . . be acceptable in Thy sight O Lord . . ." prayed the psalmist David when he saw how perfect the law, testimony, statutes, and commandments of the Lord were. The wise, like David, give due regard to this important matter, seeking always to use "sound speech, that cannot be condemned" (Titus ii. 8).

Importance of speech

"What is it which makes men different?" asked Charles Kingsley, "different from all other living things we know of? Is it not speech? The power of words? These glorious things—words—are man's right alone, part of the image of the Son of God—the Word of God, in which man was created." Yet it is very evident that many have not realized the glory and importance of words. "The pen is mightier than the sword," is a familiar adage, and most people believe in the influence and power of the written word—the right use of the gift of speech.

ment "in the name of God, before whom I stand."

It enabled Amos to prophesy in the king's court at Bethel; it robbed the flames of Smithfield of their terror; it gave John Knox of Scotland a tongue of utterance; it imbued Luther with defiant courage. Our Founder is a shining example of being fearlessly led out to face the most desperate wickedness and opposition—brave because "God's property."

If you will only dare to allow Him to seal you, make you His own, He will never fail to protect and guard you. Consecrated vessels are His great delight. If you are God's property your time, whole time, will be given to His service. Your talents will be His, gladly, always to be used by Him.

Why not accept His stamp, sealed "God's property?"

LEAD

3. "Confess Christ before men." (Matt. 10: 32; 1 Tim. 6: 12, 13; Rom. 10: 9, 10.)

4. Be baptized into the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. (Matt. 28: 19-20; Acts 2: 38, 39; Rom. 6: 3-5.)

Strength for the Siege

During a great battle the Duke of Wellington ordered a young Officer to capture a battery that crowned a neighboring hill. The officer looked up to that hill-top. He knew well that he was ordered to accomplish a great feat, a seeming impossibility. And then he turned to his commander and said, "I can go, sir, if you will give me one group of your all-conquering hand." The grasp was given, and the officer hastened to the capture.

In battling against the enemy of souls how heartening it will be for us to remember that difficulties will wonderfully vanish when we are assured of the grasp of the Divine Hand.



Sunday, Mark 14: 17-20—"One of you . . . shall betray me." "Is it I?" The disciples never intended to betray.

TO CHRIST

If you have taken these steps sincerely, you are in Christ. Now abide in Christ you must live daily in obedience to His Word. (See 2 Pet. 1: 2-11; 1 Tim. 5: 16-22; 1 John 4: 11-21; Rom. 8: 35-39.) Are you in Christ?

their Master. They said they would die with Him and they meant it. They failed through thinking themselves too strong that there was no need to watch. Let us guard against the subtle temptations of the Evil One. He knows, often better than we do, our weak points, and in our unguarded moments, will assail us just there.

Monday, Mark 14: 32-50—"Simon, sleepest thou?" Oh to live up to our profession! We are so bold in asserting our love and then when a slight test comes we fail so miserably. Instead of blaming Peter, let us judge ourselves. How often Jesus has needed to arouse us from our sleep of indifference, when we should have been intent on sharing His sorrow over sin, and His efforts to save sinners.

Tuesday, Mark 14: 51-65—"Peter followed Him afar off." Through his sleeping instead of watching and praying, temptation finds Peter lacking the divine strength that prayer would have brought him. So, after one rash act in defence of his Master, Peter's courage and faith fail him, and fear for his own safety takes the place of loyalty to the Lord. Soon, seated among the Saviour's enemies, he openly declares "I know not the Man!" Beware! Neglecting prayer always leads to spiritual decline and defeat.

Wednesday, Mark 14: 66-72—"When he thought thereon, he wept." Are you grieving bitterly over some failure or sin? Take comfort from this story of Peter's sin and sorrow. Repent sincerely as he did, and you will receive the same loving and full forgiveness. Like Peter you too may turn so forth to live for Him who so freely forgave you.

"The past is a story told."

Thursday, Mark 15: 1-21—"He answered nothing." Perhaps you live or work with those who, because of your religion, find fault with or unjustly accuse you. That is hard to bear, and the Devil may tempt you to say bitter things in return. The way of real victory, however, lies in following the example of Him who endured in silence "the contradiction of sinners against Himself."

Friday, Mark 15: 22-38—"They crucified Him." "And on His thorn-crowned Head. And on His sinless Soul. Our sins in all their guilt were laid. That He might make us whole."

In every time of need, Before Thy Judgment throne, Thy work, O Lamb of God, I'll lead; Thy merits, not my own.

Yet work, O Lord, in me As Thou for me hast wrought, And let my love the answer be To grace Thy love has brought."

Saturday, Mark 15: 39-47—"He laid Him in a sepulchre." How isolate the Lord's followers must have been. In an agony of loving sorrow they laid Him in the tomb and quite forgot His promise that He would rise again. Are you bristled because some one you loved, who followed the Saviour, has been laid in the grave? Take courage! Your dear one is only waiting for you on the other side of the curtain which we call death.

THE WAR

Official Organ of The Salvation Army Canada West and Atlantic

Founder General International Headquarters London, England

Territorial Commander, Lieutenant-Commander Chas. 317-319 Carlton St. Winnipeg, Manitoba

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Official Gazette

(By Authority of The)

PROMOTION—

Captain Alfreda Johns

Kildonan Home, to be

(Signed) CHAS. T. L.

LT.-Col.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S

THE COMMISSIONER

Edmonton

Calgary

Winnipeg

THE CHIEF SEC

LEADING

Vancouver

At Colonel Sims will

at each centre.

How THE GENERAL

the New Y

THE latest copy of the

"Cry" to reach us a

account of the manner

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THE WAR CRY

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General: Danwell Booth

International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
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Official Gazette

(By Authority of The General)

PROMOTION—

Captain Alfreda Johnstone, of the
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(Signed) CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COUNCILS

THE COMMISSIONER LEADING

Edmonton March 4
Calgary March 11

Winnipeg April 1
THE CHIEF SECRETARY

LEADING
Vancouver March 18
Lt.-Colonel Sims will be present
at each centre.

How the GENERAL started
the New Year

THE latest copy of the British "War
Cry" to reach us gives a stirring
account of the manner in which The
General entered the New Year—at his
Watch Night Meeting in Plymouth.

The old year had died and the new
year had been born during long solemn
moments with the echo of the General's
voice—"Who will surrender to God?"—
dying away in the silence which broods
yet over the crowd bowed and still before
their Maker.

At six minutes to twelve a sailor's
footsteps broke the silence. At four
minutes to twelve a young man in Army
uniform suddenly rose, and with four
decisive steps joined the sailor at the
Penitent-Form. As the first notes of the
sirens, telling of the Old Year's Death,
were heard, another young man walked
to the front—the last seeker after a
knowledge of God in the Plymouth Con-
gress Hall in 1927.

"The year has passed into 'eternity,'"
said The General as he stood by the
Penitent-Form, his voice vibrating deeply
in the silence. "We cannot alter any-
thing in it now." Then, with a quick
change of tone from awe and finality and
regret to new vision and hope, "Who will
be the first to yield to God in the New
Year?"

It was, in The General's words, a
"three-decker occasion"—a Council with
Local Officers, a Soldiers' Meeting, and
a public Watch-Night Service being
crowded into the last seven hours of the
year.

Locals and Soldiers

Speaking with a vigor that in itself
toned up the atmosphere, using the most
apt illustrations, winning his way by here
and there a chuckle over idiosyncrasies
and by references to fads and failings,
The General gave the Locals from various
parts of Devon and Cornwall enough good
currency to carry them far through this
new-born year. Fine gold, and plenty
of it!

No hours in the year could have been
more deeply lived than those between
seven and nine on December 31st, when
The General, speaking from the platform,
from the steps, and from the lower speak-
ing-rail, led the thoughts of the Soldiers
out toward the goodness and power of
God as seen in The Army and in the
lives of its people.

"The Army's real power is its spiritual

Extracts from The General's Journal

(Arranged by Lt.-Colonel H. L. Taylor)

Studying and Helping Correspondents—Dole
Mischiefs—The Army again shows the way
—In contact with Chinese wounded—
Indian Hopes and Hindrances

Nearly seven years ago "The War Cry" began publication of extracts from
the General's Journal, and this much-valued feature thenceforth appeared with
more or less regularly until January, 1927. How widespread was the ap-
preciation of the intimate contact with the General's thoughts and doings thus
afforded, was abundantly evidenced by the numerous expressions of appreciation
which constantly reached us, not only from readers in the Homeland, but in every
part of the world—not only also from Salvationists but those representing every
class and station; it has been still further emphasized by the continuous requests
for fresh instalments of the Journal.

Saturday, July 10th, 1926—As is usu-
ally the case on my return from Cam-
paigns, a great accumulation of work.
Arranged method of attacking it. Feel-
ing tired—scarcely to be wondered at!

Tuesday, 13th—Must take my furlough
earlier than usual this year in order to
admit of doing certain work later on.
Cleared up this morning with the Chief,
who has indeed a full list!

Many letters. Some of my correspon-
dents deeply interest me. Their letters
enable me to study them though I have
not met them. Their experiences often
greatly surprise me; nay, the differences
in them even stagger me! One man
seems to carry more or less easily what
to another is an overwhelming burden.
In one, I see self-control, self-restraint,
steady purpose, and aspiring love. In
another, a wobbling spirit, a changing
outlook, an ineffective purpose. But,
glory be to God! I am encouraged to
help them because He is sufficient for
both!

Wednesday, 14th First day of this
year's furlough. Arrived at the sea last
night with F. about 9.30. My Dearest in
bright spirits.

A correspondent of The Times in one of
the northern coal areas sends the follow-
ing statement as to the attitude of mind
of many miners:

"Wey, it's like this," he told me. "It
isn't any coal for me to go down the pit
'n' work me soul out for thirty-nine bob
a week, when I can get forty-eight bob
free the guardians for stoppen of bonk?
Mobbie, as thou sees, An wad be better
employed, but dissent thou see me point
that do can live better deening now than
if do was working?"

Here we have evidence of the miser-
able moral deterioration which the whole
dole system induces—and perhaps that is



Through a special appeal issued by Mrs. General Booth one thousand
children of the London slums were given a delightful New Year's Party.
The General is here seen with Mrs. Booth distributing toys to the little ones.

power," he said; "not its books, papers,
numbers, good deeds, organization, but
in its power with God and in leading
men to Salvation. Have you not proved
it for yourselves?"

They had, many times, and because
this beloved seer of their circumstances
knew also the hardness of the road way
and spoke of the weariness of the thorny way,
feeling became so deep that many were
moved to higher resolves.

Solemn Call for Service

Less than half an hour separated the
Local Officers' Council and the Soldiers'
Meeting, and less than an hour after the
close of the Soldiers' Meeting The General
was once again on the platform for the
Public Watch-Night Service. The streets
around the Congress Hall, with their
aimless and noisy crowds of merry-makers,
were in themselves sufficient evidence of
the need of the General's solemn call for

Mansion No. 4,
New Jerusalem,
1709-1907
Congratulations on the union of free
and progressive Methodists! We are in
hearty sympathy with your past aspira-
tions. Be sure to be true to the inner
light, the inner hope, the higher criti-
cism, and universal redemption—and
victory is assured.
(Signed) John and Charles Wesley

But this same Conference has taken a
great step forward in one matter—it has
decided, by a considerable majority, to
admit women to its ministry. I do un-
fainingly rejoice! Once more The Army
is justified and is shown to have led the
way.

Monday, 19th—Another most beauti-
ful day. To the Castle in the afternoon
—one of the most striking castellated
ruins I have seen. Dates from A.D. 800;
apparently built to meet the attacks of
the Danes. Took tea in a hedge—delight-
ful!

Every sign about here of an abundant
harvest. Country people in these parts
seem to be more prosperous than in some
others.

In my mail today a very interesting
letter from Dr. Arthur Swain, one of our
medicos working in Peking. He says:

The month of service in looking after
the wounded in the battle near Peking
last December is an experience I shall not
soon forget. It brought all of us who
helped in the work into a close contact
with the Chinese, which I think nothing
else could have done. It convinced me of
several things, among them being the
adaptability of The Salvation Army Officer,
the good stuff of which the Chinese
Officers of The Salvation Army are made,
the utter obscurity of this civil war, which
is a malignant growth on China's stomach
and the assurance of the ultimate appeal
of the Gospel to the masses of the Chinese
people.

The refugee camp was a sad sight; never
have I seen such a delect mass of hu-
manity "for whom Christ died"; their
poverty, filth, numbers, and manners
made it a real effort to overcome one's
feelings of repulsion and set in to help
them. Yet, viewing it from this side of
the events, one realizes that it was just
the finest chance possible to show them
that the love of Jesus is a reality.

Tuesday, 20th—Only worked an hour
or two. Rain!

Sir Henry and Lady S. came in to tea.
We had a long and interesting talk about
Indian and Indian affairs and problems—
with which thirty years' residence has
wonderfully acquainted him. He has not
very great confidence in the Indians
making good use of the Cielmsford
Montague Scheme, although he hopes for
the best. He wonders, at his age, if he
ought to go on. I said "Yes!" and told him
what His Highness the Aga Khan said to
me on that point: "Do your utmost to get
the best men in!" A speech by Lord
Irvine, the new Viceroy, yesterday tracing
nearly all the quarrelling in Indian life
back to the religions and religious in-
tolerance, a little strong.

Speaking of our work for women, Sir
Henry told me that some time ago, as a
member of the Legislative Council, he
was on a Select Committee for consider-
ing a Bill to protect young girls (14-15)
from base men. Both Hindus and
Mohammedans supported, and yet they
opposed! A very advanced and influ-
ential leader said, when the question of
placing such girls in circumstances of
safety arose, that as there were no Homes
except those provided by Christians, he
would have none of it! But he did not
know The Army and its work!

(To be continued)

service. For the key-words to this
gathering lay in deep over the shoulder of
a newspaper reporter and read his notes.
"Yield yourself to God in family life,
in practical conduct, in dress, habits,
thoughts—all the General's address con-
cerned religion as applied to every-day
life."

The hundreds who were present, some
from long distances, will testify to the
accuracy of this impression by one who
had never attended an Army Meeting
before.

Intimate Atmosphere

No family gathering assembled to watch
the Old Year out and the New Year in
could have attained a more intimate
atmosphere. Very early in the Meeting
The General abandoned the upper plat-
form. He wanted to get down to his
people, even as did Colonel Allister Smith
in his robust expounding of an appropriate
and typically pioneer's theme—"It takes
all kinds of weather to make a climate.
It takes all kinds of experience to mould a
character. Give your will up to God and
press on!"

Lt.-Colonel Dickerson at Edmonton

Home Meetings, Jail Services, Hostel Gatherings, and a Salvation Wedding make up a weekend of Social Salvation

In our last issue we made a brief mention of some of Lt.-Colonel Dickerson's activities during his weekend in Edmonton, and those who know of the Colonel's delight in the Salvation War—and there are many such—will understand that he put in some energetic hours. We know, also, something about Major Oake's whereabouts, and one can very easily understand that the united efforts of the Colonel and the Major would result in some desperate deeds, to say nothing of the ready assistance in those efforts of Adjutant and Mrs. Stewart.

There was much in his morning address at the Bonnie Doon Home which warmed the hearts of his hearers, and the result of five of those men expressing a keener desire for the things of God pleased us all. The afternoon Meetings at Fort Saskatchewan Jail were great. We had heard our wonderments as to whether the state of the road, and the antics of the car, would enable us to make the journey, but all those efforts were worth while. Eighteen men were expressive in their desire after better things, and in the succeeding Women's Meeting, a further evidence was shown.

The night gathering in the Hostel, so warm and hearty in its atmosphere, saw so heartily Salvation in the singing of songs and choruses, was a final treat for the day. And we joined with our Citadel comrades at the United rally in no unenthusiastic manner. We are all alive for the Crusade.

A "Social" Wedding

In the eyes of some people, at any rate, however, the Monday night Meeting was the most important of the Colonel's activities, when he conducted the wedding of Captain Agnes Walker, of the Kildonan Home Services, and Captain Stanley Calder of the Men's Social Department. The ceremony was performed in the No. 2 Hall which was crowded to capacity. Adjutant Sutherland Stewart assisted.

The bride was supported by Lieutenant Daisy Barclay, of Grace Hospital, and Lieutenant Ralph Webster, of Red Deer, officiated as best man. Appropriate selections were rendered by the Band and Songster Brigade of Edmonton Citadel.

The addresses of the various speakers were pleasing and acceptable, and very kind in their comradely thoughts. The crowd loudly applauded when the bride and bridegroom rose to speak, leaving no doubt as to the wishes of their friends.

After the ceremony about one hundred guests partook of supper prepared by the members of the Corps Home League. Many congratulatory telegrams and messages of goodwill were received during the evening by Captain and Mrs. Calder, and these were read to the assembled guests.

Captain and Mrs. Calder left that evening to spend a short holiday in Vancouver.

Both Captain and Mrs. Calder entered Training in 1922, being members of the "Valiant" Session. The Captain comes out of Virden, and Mrs. Calder from Melville. Captain Calder has served two terms in the Edmonton Men's Social Department, and has also been stationed at Lacombe and Innisfail. Mrs. Calder has been stationed at the Regina Women's Home, the Winnipeg Grace Hospital, the Edmonton Hospital, and Kildonan.—E.S.

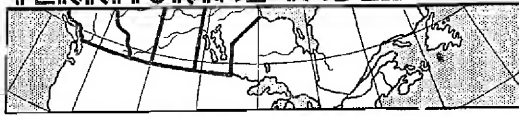
A New Start—Try Again

We have all heard about the storm-driven ship whose crew was half frantic for water. At last another ship came near, and they cried, "Water! water! we are perishing with thirst." "Dip down into the ocean," was the answer; for they were off the Amazon, which hurls its mighty flood of fresh water far out into the briny Atlantic.

In the same way there are many who are longing for a fresh start, a new chance, who have the opportunity every day of their lives if they will only reach out and take it. "Every day is a fresh beginning."

God is constantly inviting us to make a fresh start—a new beginning. "Take Him at His word, start afresh. 'They that drink of this water shall never thirst again.'"

TERRITORIAL TABLE-TALK



Winnipeg, January 26th, 1928

We hear that the Chief Secretary spent a very profitable morning with the Cadets at the Garrison on Tuesday last.

Our ever-ready and versatile friend, Envoy Hawley, tells us in a private note that the Send-off of the Alberta Officers to the Vancouver Congress was a great Go. It is nice to hear this sort of thing. Our comrade also remarks that Staff-Captain Merritt "has pep-plus." We know all about that, but we would have liked a report of the Meeting.

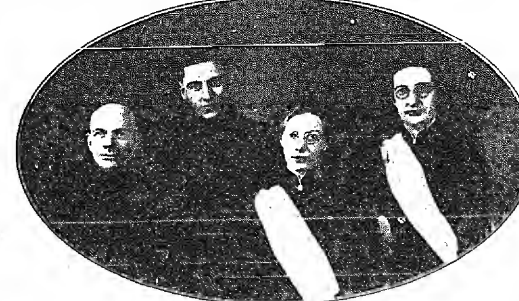
Hearty congratulations to Ensign Johnston, of Kildonan; we are always glad when somebody gets a move up.

A touching incident occurred at Edmonton in connection with the visit of Brigadier Taylor. With the penitents who knelt at the Mercy-Seat there was one poor sister, weeping, not for herself, but for her boy, whose waywardness is a great source of prayerful anxiety to his mother. The Field Secretary was very tender in his request that prayer should be made for the erring lad, and we believe that our sister found much comfort in her act of faith, and will eventually be rewarded in the salvation of her son.

Captain Halvorsen, of Roblin, tells us that recently he met a farmer who wished him to convey to the right quarter his appreciation of the radio efforts of the Winnipeg Citadel Band last winter. We pass on the thanks here with.

The Herald of God. "I have been after that man's soul for the last twelve months," said a comrade at Winnipeg Citadel last Sunday night, as he saw the man in question at the Mercy-Seat.

If you live in or near Winnipeg, do not forget the "Day of Intercession" at the Garrison on Thursday, February 2nd. The Commissioner will be leading from 11-12 a.m.; 3 p.m., and 8 p.m. onwards.



Captain and Mrs. Calder, recently wedded at Edmonton, with Lieutenant Webster and Barclay (See Col. 1).

The Commissioner's Appointments

BRANDON Friday-Monday, February 3-6
MOOSE JAW Wednesday-Thursday, February 8-9
REGINA Friday-Monday, February 10-13

Also Young People's Councils as intimated on page 3.

The Field Secretary makes visit to Victoria

Five New Instruments Presented in Praise Given to God

For the first time the triumphal music of Army Band music was heard in Victoria First United Church on Monday, January 20, on the occasion of the Musical Festival in connection with the presentation of five "triumphant" instruments. Much excitement and interest had been aroused among the worshippers of this great event, and the Church was filled to capacity. Mr. Reginald Hayward, M.A., the Chairman for the occasion, was introduced by Commandant Hedley Jones, the Corps Officer, following the opening song, and prayer by the Rev. Mr. Leeson, and thereafter efficiently piloted the Meeting. A splendid programme had been arranged, and under the capable and efficient leadership of Bandmaster Hornbuckle, swung through to a magnificent conclusion, when Brigadier Taylor, the Field Secretary, and specially invited by the Field Secretary, led the Band in "The Firing-Line" March. Other Band items included "Entreaty," "Paul and Silas," "Hiding Place from every storm," "Cleansing Flow," "Friends Air, Varie," "While the Days are going by," and the hymn tune, "Sundered." Two vocal solos, "The Lord is My Light," and "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre," and a recitation "The Minor Chord," added pleasing variety to the programme. Interspersed between the various items was the presentation of the instruments, this being the end of their long journey from The Salvation Army Instrument Factory at St. Albans, England, to Victoria, B.C. One trombone, one euphonium, two E flat monstres, and a lone horn were handed to the Bandmen by leading citizens of the district, Mr. James Stewart, Alderman Harvey, Mr. George Jay, and the Rev. James Hood. Many prayers that the new instruments might be played to the glory of God, and for the salvation of men, the gathering closed with the heart-felt singing of the Doxology.

A recently received report from Saskatoon 1 Home League tells of four women who have found Salvation as a result of its Meetings; these comrades are now on the Corps Roll. A real League that.

Grace and Glory at the Garrison

THANKS, Mr. Editor, for your comments on my last notes. I think I understand. It's all very well being a veteran, but I'd rather be in training these days. We're not grumbling, we're having a glorious time. (So are we.—Ed.)

When we marched into a new classroom a few days ago, it was good to look forward to a real period of unbroken training. We had thrown off the holiday feeling, we were (and are) determined to go in for everything which will make us "The Victors." We are not alone in our determination, as Brigadier Carter tells us "there are a few corners yet to be rounded off." But, that's what we came here for—so "we don't mind—no, we don't mind."

Those Exams with which they tried to spoil our Christmas holidays! They were not as hard as they might have been. Maybe, Ensign—(congratulations)—Peterson took pity on us. We like to think that when the Principal and she got together they softened towards us. I think we did fairly well.

One thing we are being trained in. Mr. Editor, is to speak "extemporaneously." That's a new word I've learnt here, and I hope I've the spelling all right. (Never mind the spelling, you just do it—those sheaves of notes that some folks use!—Ed.)

Then we had another treat—the Commissioner's Spiritual Sunday with us. Riches in Scripture and song we found all throughout the day. During that Sunday afternoon our Singing Party went over to the Provincial Jail; what a training episode it was!

And now the Crusade! Some of us are going as far afield as Port Arthur and Dauphin—the lists have just been divulged; Brigade Prayer Meetings are now the order of the day. We are all Crusade, we really are! We are all earnestly praying for a mighty manifestation of God's Holy Spirit through this Western Territory. We'll work and fight till Jesus comes.

(In Omnia Paratus)

The Chief Secretary

WINNIPEG CENTRAL H
FAREWELL OF

IT WAS a novel and interesting announcement which brought us together for the second meeting of this series. A goodly crowd was present, and it was evident that all had come anticipating a helpful time. The memory of last week's gathering was still upon us.

Staff-Captain Steele is no novice at innovations, and he had hit upon a method by which all could join in the singing—which has become such a feature of this particular Meeting. The songs and choruses—new and old—were thrown upon the sheet, and while at first the transitions from light to semi-darkness somewhat bewildered us, we soon found ourselves swinging along in our song, and, maybe occasionally helped in our thoughtfulness by the concentration which was thus thrust upon us.

The subject for the Meeting—now and intriguing—was "Pure white by religion," and it was not, therefore, surprising that we started with that good old song, "The Lily of the Valley," and it went with real heartiness. Our prayers helped us, and so did the D.C.'s earlier piloting of the Meeting.

Mrs. Miller's Bible-reading, again from the illuminated sheet, was a study in emphatic phrasing. The right enunciation in the right place, especially in scripture reading, is an art that needs emphasizing amongst us. Our responses—verse by verse—came all the more readily, it seemed to us, because of the Leader's leading.

The Men of the Subscribers' Department

Major Oake has just returned from a journey around the Prairie Provinces during which he has called upon all the Officers of his Department. He tells us

that matters of importance were dealt with at each place, and that every Subscribers man is out to make this year the "Best Yet." (We do not doubt it.—Ed.) Arrangements are in hand for the development of the work in the rural districts, and for special Tag days at Country Fairs. These ventures outside the Province of Manitoba, where they have proven so possible and profitable. The Major is keen on the thought that with the development of its Department, and the success of its operations, there also goes an extension of the spiritual and social operations of The Army throughout the Territory.

All who know the "Men of the Subscribers" know that their hearts would be set also on the Salvation Crusade. They are all full up with plans for their own "Ten Days"; they are not only money-getters, they are revivalists as well—God bless them, and all who labor for the spreading of God's Kingdom on earth, no matter in what capacity.

What a pleasant surprise awaited me in the street car last Thursday night going home after the Meeting. I found six young men Cadets there busily singing choruses to the evident enjoyment of the passengers, the conductor included.

The devil didn't like it though; a party of snowshoers got in the car during the journey and a storm threatened. The Cadets continued their singing in spite of opposition. The snowshoe party started songs of the "rah rah" type and for a minute they had the platform. Then the miracle happened; a girl snowshoer left their ranks and sat with the Cadets joining in with their singing with a lovely soprano voice. This was too much for the opposition and they all joined in with the Cadets singing heartily.—B. Wade, Winnipeg Social Corps.



Adj. Cooper, Regina

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For the first time the triumphant of Army Band music was heard in Victoria. On the occasion of the day, January 20, on the occasion of Musical Festival in connection with the presentation of five "Triumph" instruments. Much excitement and interest had been aroused among the advertising of this great event, and the Church Reginald Hayward, M.A., the man for the occasion, was introduced by Commandant Hedley Jones, the Officer, following the opening song and prayer by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, thereafter efficiently piloted the band.

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(In Omnia Paratus)

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Miller—Special Events in Winnipeg

WINNIPEG CENTRAL HOLINESS GATHERING—A "WHITE RELIGION" EXPOSITION FAREWELL OF ADJUTANT AND MRS. McCaughey FOR U.S.A.

IT WAS a novel and interesting announcement which brought us together for the second Meeting of this series; a goodly crowd was present, and it was evident that all had come anticipating a helpful time. The memory of last week's gathering was still upon us.

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Just before the Chief Secretary rose to talk with us, we were singing together to the tune of, "This is my story."

Glory is sweeping over my soul:
Jesus has made me perfectly whole;
Flowers are springing all, all abroad;
Lilies of beauty; flowers of God.

and naturally we were thus prepared for the Word upon which the Colonel would base his remarks, but we were not altogether ready, perhaps, for the prepared manner in which we were to be led, step by step, towards that final "consideration."

Faith and Love Re-kindled
We reminded ourselves again and again—and were reminded—in how many ways our Lord used the common things of nature, and also her beauties, to give us fresh thoughts of Himself. We saw the beautiful flowers of the field in all their glory, and were told once more—and by the Holy Spirit—that as the Father of all good had given them their glory, so is He in the world today to give us of His glory; a glory which could far outlast even the glory of Solomon. A glory of the heavenlies amidst the commonplaces of this present time, that was the inspiration which came to us.

We came to our final consecration in this spirit; singing and praying that we might be more and more like Jesus—"The lily of the valley" to our souls. And so once again our hopes of heaven were enforced; our desires to serve renewed; and our faith and love rekindled.

These gatherings remind some of us of those good old days when Friday night was indeed communion night.

Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey Say Farewell to Canada

The Farewell Meeting of Adjutant and Mrs. McCaughey at the Sherbrooke St. Corps was presided over by Colonel



Miller, the Chief Secretary on Monday evening last. Quite a number of interested folk were present as well as a goodly sprinkling of Officers including Staff-Captain Steele, the Divisional Com-

mander. The Band, under Secretary W. Stairs, was out practically in full force and rendered appropriate music.

Many interesting speeches were made by representative comrades during the evening, these included Adjutant Putt (T.H.Q.), Captain Lear (Winnipeg VIII), Ensign Ede (St. James), and Corps-Sergeant-Major C. Robson, all of whom spoke of the excellent influence which had been exerted by the farewelling Officers during their brief sojourn in the city.

Staff-Captain Steele added his tribute humorously reminding the Adjutant of a visit paid by him to his first appointment, Norland Castle, Ont., a Corps of by no means large dimensions, in a sparsely-settled district. This wilderness experience had helped considerably, no doubt, to make the Adjutant a man of calibre.

A pleasing and impressive little ceremony was then performed by the Adjutant in the dedication of the infant daughter of Bandsman and Mrs. Osbury, following which the Adjutant and his wife gave their farewell messages.

The gathering closed with the farewelling Officers standing under The Army Flag, the Chief Secretary commending them to God in their new sphere of labor—Oklahoma City, in the Southern U.S.A. Territory. Refreshments were served after the Meeting.

Mrs. General Booth's Great Campaign in the Star Hall, Manchester

MRS. GENERAL BOOTH spent New Year's Day at Manchester, and the following incident is reported in the British "Cry"—A professional man had travelled a long distance to hear Mrs. Booth, his "spiritual mother," at the Star Hall, where she conducted the day's campaign. After thirty years of abnormal whisky drinking, he was converted several months ago. "I rose up from the Penitential-Form," he declared emphatically, "a man freed from the taste of drink. I came here today for a blessing, and I have learned a great lesson. Mrs. Booth spoke this morning of an agricultural laborer who gave six shillings every week to The Army from his wages of thirty-six shillings. I spend on an average twenty-three shillings weekly on tobacco. From today, by the grace of God, I will do without tobacco." During the tea interval this comrade surrendered a large quantity of cigarettes he had brought with him.

The "Cry" further remarks, and there are many ex-Manchester people amongst us who will re-echo those sentiments:

"One cannot help being reminded when visiting the Star Hall of those large-hearted and practical Holiness teachers who so generously gave the splendid pile to The Army; and in a gracious reference Mrs. Booth asked for prayers on behalf of Mrs. Crossley, and Miss Crossley, whose health is very indifferent, and also for Miss Hatch, whose remarkable work still lives fresh in the memories of the people in and around Ancoats."

Reiterating her conviction that personal testimony is one of the most powerful means for the awakening of sinners to their responsibility toward God, Mrs. Booth called for the experiences of local Salvationists, among them was Corps Sergeant-Major Sheridan, and that veteran Salvationist, Billy McLeod. Commissioner Mapp was at Mrs. Booth's right hand throughout the day.

It must have been a wonderful day, and there is more than one who reads these lines who would like to have been there. But "God is in this and every place" — He is ours everywhere. Praise Him.

THE CRUSADE! GOD WILLS IT!

From Vancouver—Greetings!

The Officers of Alberta, British Columbia, and Alaska are united in the spirit of the Great Crusade. Our Congress Meetings in Vancouver have pulsed with life and power, thus reflecting the happy whole-heartedness and impressive determination of all the Delegates.

The relating of victories won in lonely places has stimulated our zest, resulting in our pledging ourselves to increased endeavour. The impending Campaign has caught our imagination, and the Congress Gatherings have fanned our zeal into a white-hot enthusiasm.

Great things and greater are to happen in these Western Provinces. The War is on, and with the advent of the Month of February and its intensive battling, faith is high, and it is certain that the fighting will be increasingly daring.

We believe that the Comrades of Manitoba and Saskatchewan will march in step with us; fight as we shall fight; and triumph as certainly as we shall triumph in the strength of our King.

Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Joy at Winnipeg Citadel

A Sunday rich in blessing and inspiration when memories were awakened and thoughts turned God-ward, was spent at Winnipeg Citadel with Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Joy "on deck." It is impossible, within the space at our disposal, to adequately report the happenings of the day; the evening Meeting itself calls for all the powers we have to tell sufficiently of the Colonel's recital of "Christian's Journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial City" (Pilgrim's Progress)—made even more effective by the adept choice of suitable music and songs en route. It carried every man, woman and child "even to the gates of the City," so vivid was the narrative.

Interesting though it was, one was prone to look back down the vista of years, along the "Road of Memories" journey down the long, long trail of remembrance to yesterday, and see ourselves as Christian, being mocked and threatened, as we ran from the City of Destruction. God's presence was indeed manifest and in the large audience there was scarcely one unthrilled when it was known that Christian had safely forded the River, and when the company of shining ones came out of the Gates to meet him.

Wider vision and passionate desire went hand in hand in the Holiness Meeting; the words of Peter, "Gird up the loins of your mind," commented upon by Mrs. Joy, and followed up by the Colonel's talk, "Where would we go if we left Jesus?" could not but have the desired result, more inspired service, and the determination, voiced by the poet, and approved by all Salvationists:

"And though all the world forsake Thee By Thy grace I will follow Thee."

Greatly appreciated also were the Band's various presentations at the Afternoon P.S.A., interspersed as they were by some of the Colonel's "own make" songs and choruses which continue to scatter blessing and cheer wherever sung. The reading of the story of "The Servant-maid who made Music for the World" by Mrs. Joy, brought an added touch of romance into the Meeting.

Three backsliders were welcomed into the Fold at the close of the day, one of these the son of veteran Field Officers in the Old Land, and himself, at one time, a Deputy Bandmaster. One of the Bandsman in his joy exclaimed, "Isn't it good to see him out there at the Mercy-Seat? I have been after his soul for nearly twelve months." That's pertinent, if you like!—J.R.W.

Forty-sixth Annual Congress--Vancouver



Lt.-Colonel G. L. Phillips (R.)
(Vancouver)

The Setting

It devolves upon us to reproduce the scenes of Congressional Salvation through which Vancouver has been passing during the last few days. There is so much about the great Capital of the British Pacific which is pleasing to sight and mind.

Think of it as it was, say, fifty years since, and one can visualise a Garden of God set amidst scenes of surpassing beauty, and in a climate singularly favored by the Heavenly Father—so it seems even to-day to some of our visitors. Think of it in these days and one begins to realise what man's energy and purpose can accomplish, especially when directed by that same Heavenly Father.

Think of it, again, as a City throbbing with commercial life, directed by keen men of affairs, determined that their fair town shall take no second-rate place in the polity of the Dominion. Or, think of it, as we most gladly do, as a mine of jewels for an eternal crown, as a place wherein men and women can preach the everlasting gospel, and be sure—ever sure—of the listening ears and ready hearts of thousands of eager souls.

A place to be won for God and His Kingdom, a place where the "Blood and Fire" waves from morning to night, from night to morning; where God's mercies run for the whole twenty-four hours round. It was a sad day for some of its surging populace if it were otherwise.

The Gathering

During the past few days, however, as we were saying, until our pen ran away with us, The Salvation Army Forces



Major Jaynes, Men's Social District
Officer, Vancouver

Officers and Soldiery of British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan Unite in Co-ordinated Demonstration

Commissioner and Mrs. Rich Lead Series

have taken possession of the City in numbers far in excess of any previous record. From the plains of Alberta; from the inlets and fjords of Alaska; from the wooded valleys and mountains of British Columbia; from the stretches of Vancouver Island, the troops have come—Officers and Soldiery alike; Bandsmen and Local Officers; Juniors and Adherents; Canadians, Native Peoples, Britishers, etc., etc. They have marched in, trailed in, sailed in, trained in, all alike in their loyalty to the one endeavor and call—the claim of Jesus Christ and His Blood. A glorious gathering!

We wish we could present the scenes of these days to you so that you could actually realise all that has been done for us. With never a doubt of the blessing that awaited us; with never a doubt but that some of us—and some others—would renew their knowledge of God—we came, and surely none have been disappointed.

The Preparation

It would be hard to say who worked the hardest that there should be no hitch in the arrangements. That all the incoming crowd should be happily and comfortably billeted. (Say, have you

memory to that lengthening list. There was enthusiasm by the—whatever measure it is measured by. Our own Divisional Leaders were there, flitting here and about; our veterans were with us; our visitors were with us; our spirited Field Secretary (Brigadier Taylor) and his cheerful wife were with us; but, and surely none will dispute it, most of all would we dwell on the fact that our own Commissioner and Mrs. Rich were with us.

The Commissioner makes a splendid leader of whatever kind of Meeting falls to his leadership, and he was in his element with us on Friday night—one of his elements, perhaps we ought to say. The Alberta Divisional Detachment had come in their pride and glory; proud of their Prairie lands; glorying in their mines of wealth and mighty herds. Staff-Captain Merritt knows just what would "put one over" Vancouver, and it was with a soulfulness which we will not otherwise designate, that he did it. Southern B.C.—"Our Own"—rich in the variations which our Province presents to the World—we vied with our visitors, and we do not think we were far behind—we will say no more.

A shiver went through our feelings, however, when we thought of what had



Mrs. Brigadier Layman

world, and which make us as one wherever those front rank flags fly. Our Special Guests in their ranks. Our Veterans stepping it out with the best. The warriors from the lonely posts for once—shall we say—parading in a parade which those self-same posts have helped to create. Vancouver was out to see us, and we were out to see Vancouver. (It is worth looking at, don't you think?)

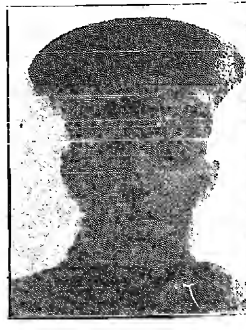
The Civic Reception

Away up Hastings to the City Hall where we were received by His Worship Mayor Louis Taylor, and where for the nonce we gave the traffic managers some anxious moments. The day is past when chief magistrates hailed us to jail; when we were maltreated because of our street processions; when we scarce could lift our voices on the street air.

Well, why recall those days? Could one help doing so during those moments at the City Hall. When the Civic Dignitaries hailed us so graciously, and when His Worship gave us once more his personal and official recognition. Don't blame us if we felt a wee bit proud. "Not unto us, Oh Lord, not unto us"—was, and is, our cry of thankfulness.

The Soldiers Assembly

Where are we? Oh, Saturday night has arrived. This is "Our's." Can't you imagine that No. 1 Citadel, packed to the doors and windows, so that one envies the room that even the supporting pillars take up. The air is as



Major Carruthers, Divisional
Commander, Northern B.C. and
Alaska



Brigadier Layman, Divisional
Commander, Southern B.C.

thinks; the enthusiasm—raging; gaily—contagious; the Commission Mrs. Rich and their following—just to squeeze into their places on the form. Keep on believing,—one of days we're going to have a place where we can find room for ourselves and friends, without having to make children stay at home.

Brotherly counsel again from so the Visitors—counsel conveyed in song and address. Good to with us those who can so deal out Word of God.

But, here we have our Commission in another role. This time he Elder Brother. And not the rector's brother of the Old Story, but one who, happy in his own place, Father's home, would keep all their welcome back all who have strayed.

Now here we did wish that borders could have been enlarged the moment we did not pray prayer of Jabez, but it would been very appropriate. "Why sighed, why couldn't we crowded some old comrades in a they could have 'come back' again.

The jamb was too tight, to fit for taking notes; we could only from "the enlarged desire," and God's rich words were for us.

And so away to our billets or with hopes still further enlarged Day of Days before us.



Staff-Captain James Mer
Divisional Commander
Alberta

The General's Congress Message

My Comrades:

My heartiest congratulations on what God has done for The Army and you on the Pacific Coast, and in Alberta, Alaska, and all the parts from which you now come.

The death of dear Colonel Coombs challenges you all. You must dare all things, hope all things, and love without ceasing. Victory is sure!

Your Affectionate General,

BRAMWELL BOOTH.

ever been on billeting duty?) Who was in charge of the arrangements for the various programmes, that all should work with such ease and regularity; that there should be no perturbing pauses?

Who was in charge of the Bands, the Open-Air Meetings; the Marches; the Spectacular Items? Well, whoever they were there will be no serious heartburnings if they are left unmentioned. We have an idea that faith and prayer work just as much towards happy fulfilment of some plans, as a lot of potter and perturbation. Is it not so? But whoever those men or women were, let them now go on their way rejoicing with those who, by reason of their labors, have come closer to God, and who know now, what they did not know last week, their sins forgiven.

The Congress Welcome

There was a joyous intimacy about our first gathering on Friday evening which is the hall-mark of all gatherings of The Army clans. The greetings and cheeries behind which lie months of weary toil and lonely plod. The happy banter across the tables, oh, if you're not of us, you cannot understand it. Just the relish before the feast, maybe, but as appetising as such relishes always are.

There are not many Coast Salvationists who have not memories of some blessed times in "First United Church"; it has been our refuge-place many a time when we have been crowded out of house and home. Glorified Army Leaders have spoken to us there—do we not remember well some of them?

But our Delegates Welcome of Saturday night last added no small delightful

prevented our Northern and Alaskan Braves reaching us in time—blizzards and high seas—but we had a feeling they would turn up before we were much older.

Major Carruthers was to have made his address of felicity in this Meeting, but he could have made it in no choicer terms than those with which the various speakers voiced their own.

Have you ever been to a Congress Welcome? Then you know something of the vocal rivalry that prevails, and will understand why we prepared a chorus which is worth singing all over our Territory. It goes to the tune of "Joyful, joyful will the meeting be":

We are here with happy, thankful heart,
Fired with zeal and faith right from the start.

Here for instruction,
Here to play out part
Out on the Battlefield.

You try it for yourselves and you will find that it will just roll along.

But we must not linger longer on these preliminary scenes, vivid as they are in our vision; promising as they were to the glories of the morrows. Anyway, "First United" had lived up to all its Salvation Army traditions.

The Congress Parade

On Saturday afternoon we were out to show ourselves. No, that's not quite right. Out to show The Army to the people of a City who delight to do it honor. We gathered around by the C.P.R. Depot (Isn't that a vista of beauty one gets from there, you Prairie folk?) We moved off, flags going ahead, Bands drumming and urging us forward—those strains of music which circle the

Congress--Vancouver's Celebration

British Columbia, Alberta, Yukon, and Alaska Unite in Consecration and Salvation Scenes
Mrs. Rich Lead Series of Religious Demonstrations---Forty-six Seekers



Mrs. Brigadier Layman

world, and which make us as one wherever those front rank flags fly. Our Special Guests in their ranks. Our Veterans stepping it out with the best. The warriors from the lonely posts for once—shall we say—parading in a parade which those self-same posts have helped to create. Vancouver was out to see us, and we were out to see Vancouver. (It is worth looking at, don't you think?)

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Brigadier Layman, Divisional Commander, Southern B.C.

thinks; the enthusiasm—raging; the polity—contagious; the Commissioner and Mrs. Rich and their following—just able to squeeze into their places on the platform. Keep on believing, one of these days we're going to have a place wherein we can find room for ourselves and our friends, without having to make the children stay at home.

Brotherly counsel again from some of the Visitors—counsel conveyed in prayer and song and address. Good to have with us those who can so deal out the Word of God.

But, here we have our Commissioner in another role. This time he is our Elder Brother. And not the recriminatory brother of the Old Story, but the one who, happy in his own place in the Father's home, would keep all there, and welcome back all who have strayed.

Now here we did wish that our borders could have been enlarged. At the moment we did not pray the prayer of labor, but it would have been very appropriate. "Why," we sighed, "why couldn't we have crowded some old comrades in so that they could have 'come back' again?"

The jamb was too tight to find ease for taking notes; we could only thank God that nothing could stay our souls from "the enlarged desire," and that all God's rich words were for us.

And so away to our billets or homes, with hopes still further enkindled for the Day of Days before us.

THE CONGRESS SUNDAY THE MORNING MEETING

When Vancouver gets that much talked-of City Auditorium, or we get our much-believed-for New Citadel, we may find a place worthier of Congress Days than the building which housed us for the Sunday. It had one saving arrangement, however, and that is, that it is not far from home—only just across the way. We were in the Empress Theatre—where we have been many a time before.

Did we omit to say that the Alaskan Braves had now arrived; having weathered the stormy blast, and having come to us with all that proud Salvation vigor which is theirs in such plenty? Major Carruthers moved about as a well-known friend among them. Having them with us had made our joy complete, and we no longer need think of them as tossing about in Queen Charlotte's Sound, or some other watery treachery.

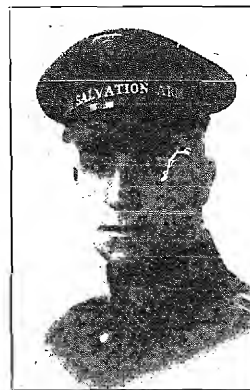
Mount Pleasant Band was contributing to the right atmosphere as we assembled; and that same sense of being in the House of God gradually stole over us, until we

has he been to us so far? Demonstrator; Elder Brother; Expositor—this morning; and now this afternoon he is our Pictorial Publicist. We scarce could wait while our versatile Divisional Commander—Brigadier Layman—introduced our Chairman, and we at first thought we could hardly wait until the Chairman had sat down. But we beg Dr. Klink's pardon, for he did not speak long enough for us.

Culture and eloquence delightfully intermixed; a knowledge of Army history and purpose such as no statesman or educationalist can be without in these days. Leader of the educational life of our Province—he is the President of our Provincial University—he gave us a word of praise which thrilled us, and yet filled us with the sense of our great individual responsibility.

Well—what about the Commissioner. He certainly "Won in the West." For over an hour, tale and thrill, humor and pathos, religion and rebuke. On it rolled and on it rolled, but when his hour came to an end, it had been but ten minutes to some of us. "Winning in the West," indeed.

Followed then the Votes of Thanks—we had almost said the "usual Votes of



Brigadier Taylor, the Field Secretary

sincere. One of those who "toil with their own hands" and yet lead our Army forces onward. Field-Captain Chester Worthington. It were impossible for us to repeat his words; we catch ourselves hunting for phrases which will describe the emotions which swept over our souls, and over the crowded house as he gave his humble testimony, and exhorted all to follow his Christ. "Oh, boundless Salvation," indeed, that can embrace all men.

What was it next? Solo or Selection? We cannot set it down. Mrs. Rich was sweetly urging in her words and readings, and welcome, wital—as she always is with us. We wish we could have heard more of her during the days, but what we lacked from the platform, we felt personally as she moved about amongst us.

Now, what term do we apply to the Commissioner for this occasion. We had it in our minds to put him down "Evangelist"—but we would rather that we thought of him as a Pleader for us before God. We do not wish to lay ourselves open to the charge of exaggeration—but may we be allowed to say—we have had it endorsed by another comrade—that he gripped us!

Picture after picture flashed across our mind; old-time story became more real in its new-time setting and phrasing. The men and women of his illustrations moved across that stage with more reality than did or would the puppets of the previous or succeeding nights on that same stage. The drawing towards God took possession of us—moment by moment; and when we passed into the Prayer-Meeting and

(Continued on page 8)

The Hour Is Set---The Battle Is On!

A CHARGE TO THE TROOPS, BY THE COMMISSIONER
(By wire from Vancouver)

On the Eve of the Crusade every Salvationist in the Territory of Canada West is called to renewed consecration to the glorious War in which we are engaged. How great will be the Victory if we throw ourselves into the fray with this enthusiasm which must be generated by the full recognition of our Sacred Purpose.

Let no Comrade be under any misapprehension about the urgency of the Call to Arms. Let none of us underestimate the power of the Enemy. Let no one falter in the Battle. May the mighty Power of Him for Whom we fight be sought and secured by every unit in the Fighting Line. The hour is set; the Battle is the Lord's—we can, we must, we shall win!

CHAS. T. RICH,

Lt.-Commissioner.

forgot the tawdry dinginess, and knew we were being led to the Holy Place. Again—prayers, songs, solos, readings—all in their order—we wish we had room and space and memory to mention them all. Then the Commissioner's appeal to us—to our better selves; to those who know God but do not always forego with us—an appeal to them; and always that word which fits the "stranger within the gate." Will it be set down for wrong, we wonder, if we confess that we were so far from home, and just a little anxious about our afternoon seat, that we did not set down the number who made a declaration of profit or desire that morning.

Wait till we get through.

Thanks"; but that would have been incorrect. No, that's all right; the Votes were of the usual kind—heartily and spontaneous; but the Moving and the Seconding were—just eulogistic. Judge Murphy took the first duty, and Mr. Charles Woodward, M.L.A., the second. The hour was late—and we had visions of another struggle for a seat for the night Meeting, but their eloquence stayed our retreat; and so we were on hand when we rose with thankful hearts to sing, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings flow."

THE NIGHT BATTLE

Now that's just it—the night battle. We have taken part in a few such Salvation engagements in our time but we do not remember very many when we were thrilled more than on this occasion. Again, let me refer to the preliminary music. Grandview Band helped us there—but where all the Bands have helped in their turn, our No. 3 comrades will not expect an especial word of praise—though they deserve it.

The opening song—so reminiscent in its tune—so appealing in its oft-told phrasing. The prayers—which are such means of grace to those who "follow in prayer" as we were exhorted to do. Again the song and the solos—clearly enunciated—the message of the music losing none of its thrill tonight by reason of misunderstood words. We could almost turn aside here and devote ourselves for a few moments to the thoughts which here arise—but we must hurry on.

A sturdy Salvation figure was on the stage. He came from our Northern latitudes; he is a Salvation Brave—simply

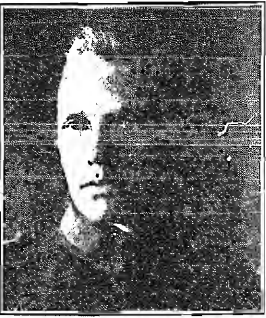
THE AFTERNOON MEETING "Winning in the West"

It has been our happy pleasure to take part in many Army Demonstrations, and to see many arrays of Supporters, but we were not ashamed of our own display when we took our seats on Sunday afternoon, after something of a fight to secure it and retain it. Even the kindest of us have our limit of endurance, and are we to be blamed if we wanted a good seat for the afternoon? We wanted to see the play of conviction and consciousness on the faces of some of the hearers. We just wanted to see whether they appreciated The Army as we thought they should do.

We must be excused if we mention the Commissioner again; he was our Congressional Commander, and therefore entitled to all our attention, and entitled to some additional recognition. What



Major Carruthers, Divisional Commander, Northern B.C. and Alaska



Staff-Captain James Merritt, Divisional Commander, Alberta



Staff-Captain Bourne, Subscribers Department, Vancouver

There is a Scandinavian saying that high up in the mountains stands a rock. It is so high and so old that every thousand years it has to be sharpened. To this rock to sharpen the rock has thus been a single year of eternity.

e Deliberations of Daniel Domore

of Dorcas is Wife



St. Al. Styrenup Mansions, Winnipeg.

fr. Editor:

not think I shall be able to write this next week, as I've received an on from my D.C. that I am likely to be called for special duty in connection with the Crusade. It is about time I got up to the fact that I am an in his Division.

already looking up some of my resses, especially one I use on a night; I gave the notes to Danny, and then back, saying they were for these modern days. Isn't it a limit, Mr. Editor? I haven't chance to show them to Brigadier—he is expected to know all about it—I am sure he would agree with

get a weekend appointment a this ago, but it fell through because Officers objected to my dear old p that I've used for years and and, say I, if they won't leave my p, they can do without me. I'm excited too. She has been my Congress uniform out, and a "come-over," to see if it is fit. She likes to see me in it, Mrs. Commissioner Sowdon said so nice in it. It's a bit tight in at it fits fairly well—if I go care-

er thing that is agitating Dorcas is this she will get the job of se Notes if I'm away specialising. You think about it, sir? If you e 28 7:35 about eleven o'clock rday we can talk it over private always goes shopping on Thurs- know why.

s is all that I am not paid for. at the circulation of our beloved I am not sure if I am expected anything about "The Young Sol- I am just tickled over a rise oes for Vancouver III. Isn't them know Captain Fleischer? Nice, the clump he is—conducts The Melville; well he has ordered s", I haven't tell you how many, rise anyhow, and that's more e of the big guns have done, him, I say.

Divisional Headquarters.

y Domore:

very pleased indeed to have you ing yourself for special duty in with the Crusade. I've already had many applications for your ently. I may not be able to Winnipeg Citadel or Brandon, am sure, as you know, you h enjoy being at all place. sitioner is away just at present, he would feel that it is for the Congress for you to go to I or Victoria. We will see, I you get an appointment which all your well-known titles. And regards to Sister Domore. Yours very sincerely,

Divisional Commander.

t a nice letter, Mr. Editor, by it wasn't signed; I expect busy at D.H.Q. these days, to phone me as I said. It's we get that matter settled. Yours still in the War,

Daniel Domore, Envoy.

Our BANDSMEN AND SONGSTERS

Losing a Bandmaster

The beginning of a Famous Musical Combination as told by an Invalid Veteran

Our Occasional Talk

"Button-Holing"

THIS is not a Salvation Army story; we wish it were; it might then have additional, or sharpened point for some of us. But we pass it on in the hope that the re-telling may quicken our own conscience, and that the reading may help some of you. In The Army we would call it a tale of "button-holing," and as that is a term known amongst us—let it go at that.

A Year of No "Souls"

A dissatisfied minister once asked his Church officials to remain behind after the Sunday evening service was closed, and then said: "Brethren, I must make known to you what is in my heart. We have gone a whole year without a single conversion, and I feel that my usefulness has come to an end and that I ought to resign." They protested against this contemplated action, assuring him that they were well satisfied with his work. "But," he said, "we are saving no souls. Turning to one of the men he asked, 'How long have you been a Christian?' 'Twenty-eight years,' was the reply. 'How long have you been an official of this Church?' 'Seventeen years.' 'Do you believe that by your personal efforts a soul was ever saved?' 'I do not know of one,' was the reply.

A Soul for Jesus—or Resignation

After talking with each of the men and receiving similar replies, he said, "Now, brethren, unless we can bring at least one soul to Jesus within the next two weeks, I shall resign, and I think you men ought all to do likewise. We ought not to occupy the high offices we do unless we are soul-winners." At the suggestion of one of the men they knelt in prayer together before parting. The following morning one of the men, on reaching his store called the head clerk into his office and said, "George, you have been with me fourteen years and are the best man I ever had. I want to confess to you that I have not done my duty by you. I have known that you were not a Christian, but have never recommended my Saviour to you. I have been both unfaithful to Him and uninterested in you. If I may have your forgiveness I want in your presence to seek His."

A "Soul" and a "Soul-winner"

After further conversation the two men knelt in prayer. They arose from that prayer, one having become a Christian and the other a soul-winner. As they brushed the tears from their eyes the proprietor said, "Now, George, I want you to help me to lead the other men of the store to Jesus." They went to work, and before night eleven men in that one store were saved. The next Sunday morning thirty-one men came into the Church with new hope and presented themselves for membership.

And the point of the story? Well, surely, no intelligent Army Bandsman, Songster, or Soldier would miss that. The suggestion is so obvious.

There is a Scandinavian legend which says that high up in the north there stands a rock. It is a hundred miles high and a hundred miles wide. Once every thousand years a little bird comes to this rock to sharpen its beak. When the rock has thus been worn away, then a single year of eternity will have gone by.

"JUST wheel my chair to the window," said the veteran; "it's time the Band was coming by."

Sunday morning; not too bright, as to weather; but in the old Bandsman's heart sunshine shone. It leapt up in his eyes; it tickled across his face in a score of ways, until it flooded his countenance, submerging, for the moment, the indications of the years which had passed. A radiance which compelled tears in the on-looker clothed old John.

Good to Hear the Old Band

"Ah, my son," he jollied forth, "it does me good to hear the old Band. Not as it's very old now, being mostly boys, as I call 'em. A bit younger than I was when I started. Of course, we started late, but we caught up, right enough! 'You ever hear how the Band began?' he continued. 'Course every Band has to start, and it wasn't perfectly on the

brass and my 'banger' that was only common justice. I got into the way of whanging that drum every time one of the others left out a note—like the best man in the Irish wedding hitting heads as they came up in the scrimmage. It was a good noise, and a drumstick is handy in more ways than one, though a bass drum can get in the way."

Folks Set up a Protest

"Some of the folks who heard us set up a protest, claiming we ought to know something about music before being let loose upon an undeserving and innocent public, and perhaps they were right. In any case we thought we would try the suggestion, so we got a man to come and teach us two or three tunes. I'll say that for him, he did work hard, too. When he thought we'd got it right he let us go home—it was very late."

"The next Sunday, when we got ready



Let loose upon the public.

lines we got today, nor so many. I remember there were just a handful of us, and somebody up and said, 'Let's have a Band.' I disremember who said it, but he had the spirit of a pioneer, he had. That's the sort of chap what helped to make The Army. You know, the sort what's discontented, when a thing is done, wanting to do something else.

Convention Ruled the Roost

"Mind you, that's all right as long as he's finished the job off properly like, and with credit. He's got a sort of sanctified scratching inside him what keeps on irritating until he's on with the new love, as you might say. That sort took the Founder out of the places where convention ruled the roost, and it took The Army all round the world. And it will take it up to the Gates of Heaven, agitating all the way. Glory to God!"

"Well, we got bitten with this idea of forming a Band, of which there wasn't many in The Army, then days. And we raised enough money to buy half a dozen instruments, which were handed out by weight or measure, or both—I dunno that there was any rule to it. Anyhow I got the drum. Coo, you should've seen me! 'And we didn't have to carry any great weight of knowledge of music; seeing we were new to the hefty bits of

in turn out, he arrived, all got up in a dandy coat and a stove-pipe hat, silk it was; and he'd brought his cornet."

"I'll help," he says, and we came out of the Hall on to the street. Suddenly he went shy."

I'll March on the Sidewalk

"You march in the usual way," he says, "and I'll play my cornet—on the sidewalk!"

"Of course it sounded funny, and it looked funnier. And the crowd, which had been waiting for us, saw the funny side of it. They roared."

"Hallo! Here's the Band. God bless you, boys. Eight ranks of five at this time o' day. Hallelujah! Look at that flag; it does my old eyes good to see it fluttering from that tall staff. Ah, they're going to give me a tune. Yes, they often stop under my window to play my favorite. Righto, I'll beat time, Bandmaster," and he waved his hand while they played, and he sang in quavery accents:

I do believe, I will believe,
That Jesus died for me;
That on the Cross He shed His Blood,
And now He sets me free!

(Continued on column 4)

Enlarge Your Borders

A Hint for Songster Brigades

Wider notions are required as to what is the work of a Songster Brigade. By no means does singing a set piece in a Meetings constitute the whole of the Brigade's responsibilities.

The Songster Brigade should lead the singing of the congregation in spirit, thought, precision, wholeheartedness; yet in some Brigades the members remain almost dumb during the singing of a congregational song. Of course, if they are without song-books, like some Songsters we know, this need not be a cause for wonderment; only for sorrow.

Level of a Mere Choir

This goes very decidedly to show unfitness for a Songster's place, and lets the whole Brigade down to the level of a mere choir, for which we have really no more use in The Army than we have for steeples on our Halls.

The Brigade should be at least the main source from which the people learn new tunes for congregational use, and a host of new choruses should be set afloat in the Corps by Brigades which properly fill the bill.

As to Prayer Meetings, a Brigade should be an Officer's chief source of aid, in singing at a moment's notice appropriate songs and choruses, as well as taking part in praying or giving aid to penitents when seeking Salvation.

The Drum's Message

While out for a walk with her baby one Sunday evening, a woman heard the sound of The Army drum, and followed the Salvationists to the Hall. Although her husband had forbidden her to go to any religious gatherings, she entered the building.

During the Meeting she became convicted of sin, and as she rose to go forward to the Penitent-Form, a comrade offered to hold the baby. Thanking the Salvationist, however, the woman replied, "I am not only going to the Penitent-Form to seek Salvation myself, but I am also going to give my child to God!"

The Band Sergeant prayed that the blessing of God might continue to rest upon the invalid veteran, and the young men answered, "Amen!" then off swung the Band on its way to the Holiness Meeting.

"Now, then, off you go, too," he said, turning to me. "Best Meeting of the day, the Holiness Meeting. Go and get a blessing, and, if you haven't sought it yet, get the Blessing!"

.....

"Certainly, I'll go; but first finish your story."

"Forgot the last word. Where was I?"

"On the march with the top-hatted leader marching on the pavement, and the crowd laughing all round you."

.....

His Topper in the Gutter

"Laughing! You should've heard 'em! Well, he didn't get far before a wag sent his topper rolling in the gutter. That annoyed the owner, who was not a Salvationist, remember, and he turned to express himself. Next thing he knew he was picking himself out of the road, and reaching for his cornet and his hat."

"True he had a good intention, and he had taught us two or three tunes; but that's how we lost our first Bandmaster!" I came away thanking God for the pioneers in whose steps we have the honor to follow. May we be true to our high opportunity.

A story of Western Canada



The Homestead,
Haventown.

at eleven p.m. with all singing "All my days
and all my hours." Hallelujah!—J.K.

Our New Serial will start shortly. A Story of Old-Country Homes and Lanes; of New Country Vigour and Salvation; of the First Days of The Army in Canada; and of the struggles of those times. It will interest Old-timers and Young-Timers alike. Be ready for it. Tell your friends about it. (Profusely illustrated.)

(By Wire)

Wonderful moving of the Holy Spirit in Soldiers' Meeting to-night—Wednesday. Seekers for restoration and six for sanctification; much struggle, but Devil outwitted. Comrades fought until every one present in possession of personal victory. Meeting closed at eleven p.m. with all singing "All my days and all my hours." Halleluiah!—J.K.

Hell is for the
Wicked

WAR CRY

Heaven is for
the Saved

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1928

No. 5

We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in distress. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars \$3.00 extra.

1800—Harry Edward Branch. Last heard of in Vancouver in 1926 working as official longshoreman (wheel trimmer). Relatives enquiring.
1825—Edwin Larson. Age 34, height 5 ft. 2 in., light hair, fair complexion, blue eyes, miner by trade. Brother anxious to communicate.
1743—Harry Farrow. Age 55, not very tall, medium brown hair, blue grey eyes, fresh complexion. Wife enquiring.
1791—Sam Woodcock. Age 44, height 5 ft. 5 in., brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, farmer, native of Leicestershire, England. Last known address, Cypress River.



Mike Gach

1844—Mike Gach. Age 23, tall, fair hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Last heard from in 1922. Mother very worried and long for news. (See photo)

1883—Charles Bader. Age 42, brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, thought to be in theatrical work. Mother very old—had operation that left her blind in one eye—extremely anxious to hear from son.

1883—John Ingerbrigtsen. Age 70, medium height, blue eyes, about 32 years ago was a shoemaker in Vancouver. Sister enquiring.
1890—Andreas Johansen Snerkeby Kjolstad. Age 38, brown hair, brown eyes, last known address 235 King Street, Winnipeg. Legacy left him by father and an aunt—communicate this office.

1822—John Olsen Bryn. Age 24, Norwegian, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes. Last heard from in Winnipeg 1925. Mother seeks information.
1878—John Arthur McCann. Age 47, height 5 ft. 10, brown hair, grey eyes, fresh complexion, soldier, native of County Antrim, Belfast, Ireland. Brother anxious for information.



Arthur S. Reilstad

1889—Carl Eric Bertil Hjortstedt. Age 25 last heard from in Laura Street, Winnipeg, 1926. Worked in radio factory. Brother enquiring.
1886—Charles Smith. Age 46, height 6 ft. fair complexion, born in Birmingham, England. Last right arm working in shipyard. Mother anxiously enquiring.
1893—William Droz. Age 37, medium height, dark hair, brown eyes, Swiss, supposed to be working on railway or boats either in Winnipeg or Vancouver. Should this meet the eye, please communicate.

1865—Henry William Carpenter. Age 56, height 5 ft. 11, black hair, blue eyes, medium complexion. Native of Sittingbourne, Kent. Last heard of in British Columbia. Sister enquiring.



George A. Morgan

1816—George A. Morgan. Contractor, Regina, missing since Sept. 20th, 1924, age 39, dark brown hair, dark eyes, height 5 ft. 6 in., weight about 150 lbs., last seen in desert, Arizona. Seek. Wife very anxious for news. (See photo)

1433—William John Healing Herbert. Age 54, height 5 ft. 7 in., dark hair (probably grey), dark brown eyes, ruddy complexion. Last heard of in Edmonton, Alta. Brother and sister anxious enquiring.

1852—John Fitzgibbons. Age 56, height 5 ft. 8 in., light brown hair, light eyes, light complexion, single, occupation, farmer. Last heard of in Winnipeg. Sister very anxious to hear from.

1831—Peder Martin Hansen. Born in Keldstrup, Denmark. Age 35, middle height and blond parents and brother enquiring.

1770—Marcus Antonies Johanson—alias Nilson. Last heard of 12 years ago in Vancouver, B.C. Sister anxious for news.

29 DAYS

Salvation Crusade

FROM THE LAKES TO THE COAST

During the Month of February

See Local Corps Announcements

1838—Chris. J. Hocketad. Last heard of in 1926, in Winnipeg. Friends want to come in touch with him.

1861—Ormond Richard Lowther. Age 39, height 5 ft. 9 in., fair complexion, light brown hair, setting thin on top. Father longs for news.

1888—Stener Petersen Kleiven—alias Stener Fieldborg. Age 71. Last heard of in Clverdal, B.C. Brother anxious for news.

1834—Anton Amundsen. Age 60, medium height, blond hair, mason by trade; last heard from in 1914. Son desires to locate.

1890—Thomas Lee—Son of Edward and Hannah Lee (nee Bagnall). Left County Westmeath, Ireland, about the year 1874 and went to America. His or the address of his descendants is urgently required in a matter of a will. His sister Elizabeth, of Australia, urgently inquires.

1754—Edward Egan—Irish, last known address Lethbride, Man. Baker by occupation. Sister enquiring.

1864—Ivy Woolf. Age 19, height 5 ft. 5, dark hair, brown eyes, native of London (Shepherds Bush), thought to be residing with sister.

The Army still believes in Hell

A Re-statement of our Doctrines

IT SEEMS to us that, in connection with our Salvation Crusade it is not altogether out of place for us to make a restatement of our doctrines. We have certain foundation beliefs which we *insist* shall be observed by all who name themselves as Salvationists.

They are founded upon Bible teaching. We think they were reasonably and wisely compiled by our Founder. They are part of our Foundation Deed and cannot be altered—for us as an Army. We do not see any reason why they should be.

A Punishment for Sin

The Army still believes in hell. We most positively do. But when the Salvationist is asked whether hell is a literal fire, mental distress or spiritual torture, he states that he neither knows nor cares. The question does not interest him. *He is not going there.* Similarly the Salvationist holds that God does not and will not send anyone to hell. Men go there of their own volition, and just as surely as one walking over a precipice will fall below and kill himself, or putting out his eyes will be blind, so certainly and naturally there must and will be punishment for sin.

Jesus the Only Saviour

All such questions as these recede into the background when it is realised that he *is* what it may, the Almighty God has made a way of escape from it. The whole issue in the end turns on the acceptance or rejection of Jesus Christ as man's individual Saviour. Nothing and no one else can redeem from the doom of which the Bible speaks so plainly.

To sum up, The Army believes in the inspiration of the Scriptures, the fall of man, the redeeming and restoring work of Jesus Christ, a coming judgment, the eternal damnation of the wicked and the everlasting happiness of the righteous.

Confidence in the Old Theology

It is as some have suggested, that such a theology is one thousand years old. It is quite that. Indeed it is two thousand years old and more, and yet it is wondrously up-to-date. The Army intends still to preach it and not to be involved in the failure and loss which have arisen as a result of allowing the man-in-the-pew—to say nothing of the man-in-the-street—to make his own theology and create his own God. Having more or less been allowed to do so he is ending by despising both.

SALVATIONISTS!

Do all your actions reveal that you believe the Truth of God?

Coming Events

The Chief Secretary and Mrs. Colonel Miller

Winnipeg Citadel, Sat., Sun., Feb. 4-5; Kildonan Home, Mon., Feb. 6, North Winnipeg, Tues., Feb. 7; Wat- ton, Wed., Feb. 8; Norwood, Thurs., Feb. 9; Sherbrooke St., Fri., Feb. 10; St. James, Sat., Sun., Feb. 11-12; Winnipeg Men's Hostel, Mon., Feb. 13

LT-COLONEL SIMS: Edmonton, Sat.-Wed., Feb. 4-6.

LT-COLONEL JOY: Saskatoon I, Sun.-Mon., Feb. 4-5; Saskatoon II, Sat.-Sun., Feb. 11-12.

LT-COLONEL DICKERSON: Medicine Hat, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-6; Winnipeg Hostel, Sun., Feb. 12 (Mrs. Dickerson accompanying, Wpg.)

BRIGADIER B. TAYLOR (Field Secretary): St. James, Sat., Sun., Feb. 4-5; Winnipeg VIII, Tues., Feb. 6; Sherbrooke St., Wed., Feb. 7; Fort Rouge, Thurs., Feb. 8; Elmwood Fri., Feb. 9; Winnipeg Citadel, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 10-12.

BRIGADIER AND MRS. CARTER: Brandon, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

BRIGADIER SMITH: Fort Frances, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

BRIGADIER GOSLING: Humboldt, Feb. 4-5; Prince Albert, Feb. 11-12; North Battleford, Feb. 15-16; Watrous, Feb. 18-19; Biggar, Feb. 22-23; Saskatoon, Feb. 25-26.

BRIGADIER MERRETT: Dauphin, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

BRIGADIER ALLEN: Moore Jaw, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

MAJOR OAKE: Port Arthur, Sat.-Mon., Feb. 4-13.

STAFF-CAPTAIN STEELE: Brandon, Sun.-Mon., Feb. 5-6; Virden, Tues., Feb. 7; Winnipeg VIII, Wed., Feb. 8; Winnipeg II, Thurs., Feb. 9; Winnipeg I, Fri., Feb. 10; Port Arthur and Fort William, Sat.-Tues., Feb. 11-14.

*Mrs. Steele accompanies.

MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN STEELE: Watrous, Sun., Feb. 5; Plamwood, Mon., Feb. 6; Winnipeg IV, Tues., Feb. 7; Sherbrooke St., Sat., Sun., Feb. 11-12; St. James, Mon., Feb. 13; Norwood, Tues., Feb. 14.

1849—Jorgen Andreassen. Age 45, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, farmer. Last heard from September, 1927. Wife anxious for news.

1839—Robert Walter Kilham—alias Robert Walton. Age 55, dark hair, sandy moustache, blue grey eyes, height 5 ft. 10, scar on side of face, tattoo on both arms, walks lame. Son anxious for news.

1869—Nils Nilsson. Age 61, height 5 ft. 11, weight 180 lbs., dark hair, married, railway worker. Lost one finger on right hand—left arm destroyed in the elbow, stooped when walking. Norwegian. Charles Nilson enquiring.

Special to our Farmer Readers

FARM HELP

We have a limited number of *special* men for farm work, apply now to:

STAFF-CAPTAIN WELLS.

THE SALVATION ARMY IMMIGRATION DEPARTMENT

241 Balmoral St. - Winnipeg, Man.

For Sale

Concert Marimbaphone, silver steel, 4 octaves chromatic, by Deagan, Chicago. Beautiful instrument. Used either by one or two players, or as solo, with piano or other accompaniment. Packed in special trunk. Price sacrificed. Apply Envy W. A. Hawley, 830 Third Ave. West, Calgary, Alta.

For Sale—A "Washburn" Guitar with Hawaiian attachment, in splendid condition. Also good leather case. Value \$30. What offers? Apply E. B. Co Editor, 317 Carlton St., Winnipeg.

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THE WILLIAM BOOTH. Founder

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